





"EXOTIQUE"

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 23

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"Margie's Strange Desires"

by

Carlson Wade

* * * * *

"Are you really sure you want to stay home alone tonight, Margie?" asked her room-mate as she tightened the thick, stout belt of her trench coat, about her slim waist. The trench coat, a light tan, was complete with stunning epaulets at the shoulders. It was made of a leather-like fabric with steel buttons that imprisoned her slim figure from neck right down to her knees.

"Of course," Margie tossed a shoe over to a corner and listened to its clatter. "There's nothing to be afraid of. The radio said that the prowler just likes to swipe women's clothing, particularly undergarments and shoes and boots. He's harmless." Margie crossed her silken clad legs, her knees dimpling as she did so. The

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room-mate caught an expanse of milk-white thigh, pierced by a diamond shaped redness like welts. Throughout the day, Margie always wore a tight panty-girdle, with four garters on each leg, seizing hold of the hem of her stockings. She so detested wrinkled silk stockings that the stretching, pulling feeling of the garters did not bother her in the least. The garters were fastened securely onto the stockings; tight they were, and hitting into the creamy white softness of her flesh so that by evening, deep ridges were impressed in her thighs. But it was worth it because her legs were always attractively covered with smooth silk stockings.

The panty-girdle was quite a chore to put on. Margie always relied upon her room-mate for help. Alice, always willing to help, would stand on a footstool and as Margie stooped to slip the round rubber panty-girdle up over her ankles, then over her spreading, soft white hips, the other girl would seize the top of the panty-girdle and literally yank it up over her waist and as high as she could. Margie said she felt squeezed into a rubber tube. Her soft flesh was so packed that a slight little slap would send electrifying shivers through her body. But the unusually narrow waist really gave her a perfect figure 8. Her uptilted breasts were forced into tiny twin rubber and satin cups. So tight were they imprisoned

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that creamy white flesh shivered on the borders of the twin cups and gave a provocative appearance. Alice never tired of helping Margie dress.

Now, she herself, was dressed to go out on a date. She buttoned the trench coat up to her neck, like a coolie collar, then shoved both hands deep into the warm pockets. "I really shouldn't leave you alone, darling. You're defenseless." She smiled as she recalled how "September Morn" Margie looked, clad only in a pair of strange leather panties--she was so shy and bashful.

"There, there," pouted Margie, her red gashed lips becoming sullen. "I can take care of myself."

Alice shrugged her leather covered shoulders and bent down to give Margie a kiss on her white cheek and then waved goodbye as she left the apartment, her high heels, spiked and at least four inches high, click-clicked as they went down the cement walk and out on the sidewalk.

Margie sat alone, clad in her silken, quilt-type bathrobe. She wore nothing beneath. Her twin peaks of breasts punched through the bosom

of the fabric, giving her an exhilarated feeling when coming in contact with the soft, rustling smoothness of the silk. She kept one ear cocked for the strange noise she had heard all evening but had said nothing. The window shade in the bedroom was rattling. . . quite unusual because there was no wind at all tonight. She got up, slipped her feet into a pair of glass slippers. Bare-backed, the slippers were made of clear vinylite, decorated exotically with a tracery of suede applique and hand enameling. Painted onto the translucent glass were blinking eyes! Through it could be seen the whiteness of her feet. The instep was almost rigid, furious looking could be more accurate a description. The heels, boasted one huge staring eye almost almost at the top--the heels were almost as thin as a needle and twice as sharp and four inches high. Margie loved the feeling of high heels and could relax and enjoy herself when walking around in them.

She stared down at her glass covered feet, she looked as if she had slippers instead of feet, so life-like was the appearance!

Inside the bedroom, she suppressed a smile as she fleetingly glanced toward the window. It was raised slightly from the bottom. The window shade had been pulled up. She distinctly

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remembered having closed the window and pulled down the shade herself. She caught a glance of a face, peeping through and then it vanished. In the dead stillness of the shut bedroom, she could hear the excited breathing.

She switched on the light, kept her back to the window and stood before the mirror of her bureau dresser. She could see the pair of eyes--naked excitement in them--staring at her in wild passion. Slowly, very deliberately, she unloosened the sash around her waist and let the silken robe slip to the floor. She stood nude before the mirror, a vision of beauty; her shimmering white skin was punctuated only by tiny ripples, like a sleek panther on the prey. Her hair was golden hued and her skin the color of smooth pale honey. Her shoulders were soft and smooth and as she lifted her arms upward to stifle an imaginary yawn, her swelling mounds leaped upward, like dancing pillows in a windstorm, the budding tips erect and searching like a live-wire antenna--reaching out like a finger at the tip of your spine. Her two huge swelling hips revolved sinuously as she walked about the room pretending to put some articles of clothing away and straightening out the bed.

Margie could hear his excited breathing. She almost giggled aloud as she thought, "I'm

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more excited than he is. How thrilling to know that someone is secretly watching me."

Her hands caressed the smooth elasticity of her white ivory thighs, smoothing away the welts left by the hiting garters. She bent down slightly, letting her shaking, shimmering breasts hang in the balance, like rich, ripe fruit, ripe fruit ready to be plucked and devoured. There was a painful gasp from beneath the window shade. Her observer was certainly in the throes of agony, she could tell. She straightened suddenly, arched her back, cupped her melon-like protruding hips, one in each hand, pressed back and flung her head with cascading golden hued hair tumbling down like shimmering moonlight. She twisted her torso, awayed her nude hips, revolved the tiny little bulge that admirers had called her "hill of love" of her tummy and derived an intense invigorating excitement just knowing she was being watched--more excitement than her peeping man was obtaining, most likely.

When she tired of tormenting him, she stepped over to a chest of drawers, opened one and brought out some garments and started dressing--as though to go out, but Margie had no intention of leaving. She selected a pair of veil-like panties. They were leather-span and

very tiny and tight. As she slipped them on, the cooling leather was as soft and hugging as a woman's kiss. She always felt perspire when the soft leather enveloped her soft hips and thighs. She smoothed the wrinkles out and humming a slight tune, her milk-white breasts with the reddish tips were next to receive the blessing of lace fringed, leather-spun bra cups. These fastened behind and she had to do some twisting, to shackle herself into the bra. They were flesh-colored and gave her the appearance of having a marble bust--so tight and confining were they. Especially at the tips where she felt as though someone had applied a pair of pincers to the flesh colored rose-buds. She knew that her admirer, allegedly a peeper in secret, was really suffering now with suppressed desires. Well, good for him, she said to herself. This ought to be a lesson to him.

Glad in the leather-spun panties and bra, her hips were almost motionless as she fairly floated over to the chest and withdrew a most peculiar garment. This was made of strange elastic--it was a two piece siren suit--the trousers looked like rubber balloons when deflated, limp and lifeless. But not for long. She slipped her lean legs into them, first removing her glass high-heeled shoes, of course, then stepped into the trousers. She filled it like air

would to a balloon. The thin rubber-elastic hugged and enveloped her. Every line, every lithe, supple little bulge was clearly etched in the pants which reached right down to her ankles. Here, tiny mysterious garters flapped against her feet. They had a strange purpose which would soon be put to use.

Margie tightened the rubber belt at the waist, breathing deeply so that her waist was so narrowed, she could barely exhale. Her rounded bottom hips had an uplifting appearance clothed in this rubber prison-type pair of trousers. Then came the blouse--reaching right up to her chin with a tight turtle-neck collar. These had tiny laces on either side. She drew them as tight as she could, almost to the bones of her neck. . . or so it felt. The sleeves went down to her wrists where there were several more sets of tight leather laces. At the end of the laces were tiny little linked chains, almost web-like in appearance but they gave a slight tinkling noise, like the rattle of a toy anchor being pulled back into the ship. As she moved her wrists, the tinkling noise pierced the silence and joined the fast breathing of the peeper.

Margie felt herself growing hot; the palms of her hands were perspiring and a dull, aching

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throb at the pit of her temples. Her breathing became exaggerated and her heart pounded furiously in their rubber prison. This was the most delightful experience she had in ages-- someone was appreciating her clothing! She had gone to a lot of trouble and expense to find it and whenever she put it on, her room-mate Alice hardly gave it second glance. How unfair. And now, a peeper (although it was unfair to call him that) was admiring her good taste. They were both enjoying themselves. A most fortunate opportunity, for the two of them, to say the least.

She bent slightly at the waist (knowing that her shimmering hips, fortified by the rump-lined trousers) was certainly provoking more sighs and gasps from the peeper. She rummaged through the drawer and brought out her shoes-- hareback, it was made of bright red leather, to match her suit of clothing. It had an eyelash cut out toe, huge jewels of bright red, resembling drops of rich red blood, encircled the metallic embroidery--it set the vamp afire. And the heel-- it was exciting! An exact replica of a pointed finger--complete with manicured, needle sharp fingernail! And the finger pointed downward to give the feeling that it was stabbing at the floor and all else beneath its devilish fury. And of all things, the tiny garters of the cuffs of the pants--snapped



into special hooks on the sides of the shoes!!

Slipping her silken clad feet into them, Margie felt a stabbing pain almost tear through her imprisoned body. As she walked on these shoes, with the finger almost five inches high, her hips arched and wavered. She swayed slightly, giving rise to the peeper's passions and feeling the aching throb growing dull within her. Her body was afire, asweat, eager, longing and yearning! Just wearing the leather and rubber, from chin down to toe, feeling imprisoned in the outfit gave her a sense of security and relaxation (of sorts) that could not compare.

And the greatest height of delight was knowing that her strange love was being shared by someone, peeping through the window. What good was it to go to the bother of wearing these clothes if you could not get anyone to join in their beauties? After all, happiness must be shared to be really enjoyed, is it not?

Margie had had enough of this teasing. Using abrupt, quick strides she went over to the window, flung it open and before the peeper had a chance to escape, she said in a hoarse voice, "Oh please, don't go away."

He stopped in his tracks and stared. Something in her plaintive tone made him sympathetic. He came closer. In the light, he was a youngish looking man, rather thin with dark hair. He was slightly built, smaller than Margie, timid and a dainty-type figure. He was wearing some well worn blue jeans that looked discarded. His white cotton T shirt flapped over his thin frame. "May--may I look a little more?" he begged hoarsely.

"Of course. But you must not stand there like that. Someone might see you. Come on inside. You'll enjoy my clothing more when you look at it closely."

He climbed inside the window and she quickly pulled down the shade, hoping no one saw his peculiar entrance. Inside, he was very shy. Margie coaxed him closer and then he dropped to his knees. Worshipfully, lovingly, he embraced her slim legs, his fingers running up and down her lean length, sending waves of shivering delight through her body. Then he fondled the unusual red shoes, squinted to shut out the glaring light of the sparkling jewels.

"Just a pair of horns and a pitchfork," he said timidly, "and you'll look like the devil."

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"If I had those," said Margie, "I'd chase after you, capture and hold you as my slave."

Then when he finished his due observance of her delightful clothes he stood up, very shyly, his head hanging, his eyes averting hers. He was smooth-cheeked and looked like a naughty little hoy who had been caught in some mischief. He hacked away.

"Please," begged Margie, "won't you stay a while? Surely you're hungry. I'll get you something to eat." She would do anything to make him stay here longer, to share in her love for the clothing. How utterly wretched for him to have to resort to peeping through windows and keyholes and even transoms--here she was offering him a golden opportunity. No more sneaking, no more subterfuge. She would let him come as often as he wanted, to watch her dress and undress as much as he liked. She would never tire of it.

All he had to do was sit in a chair, sip some coffee and munch some toast or sandwich and just watch her. She did not ask for more.

Carefully, Margie explained this to him. A stricken look came over his face as he hacked

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away, toward the window. "Oh no," his voice was a choking sob, "that's not what I want. I never want that. I don't like to be invited--I like to be independent. . .to look when I want to look and to know that the person isn't aware of me." Tears ran down his downy face. He sobbed like a chastised little hoy, his shoulders shaking. "Oh, what have you done to me? You went and spoiled it. Oh--you spoiled it for me. I'll never come back here again."

Without another word, choking sobs tearing through his lean body he jerked open the window and fled from the room before Margie could stop him. She ran to the window and wanted to call him but he had vanished into the velvet darkness that was the night.

From her view, she could see the lighted bedrooms of the neighboring apartment houses. What a view it afforded, she thought fleetingly. She thought she caught a peculiar flash--like a telescope reflecting from the moonlight, from one of the windows. It gave her a scintillating feeling.

She went back to the bed and sank down, crest fallen and unhappy. Where could she get and admirer like that? He had not even wanted to take any of her underwear as he usually did,

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according to the newspapers.

Well, she sighed with resignation, maybe the young man was right--some of the excitement of a peeper was lost if you invited him to look. Most of the enjoyment came from knowing that the person did not suspect. That way, unsuspected, the person could do a lot of things she ordinarily wouldn't do when someone was in the room with her. She wondered--would it really mean much to herself if she invited someone to share her attractive appearance?

She always wanted a secret admirer. An idea possessed her. Quickly, she got up, put on the large lamps in the bedroom, flooding it with bright light. She went to the window, opened the shades. She caught the flash of several other telescopes coming from darkened windows of the other apartment houses in the neighborhood. She smiled. The window of her bedroom afforded a full view. Her spirits soared. She breathed deeply and felt elated.

Here was the audience she craved--she could wear all the clothes she wanted, or none at all, and dozens of worshipful eyes would devour her beauty and she would be filled with more pleasure than could be described!

At last, Margie had found the audience she so desperately wanted.





"Amazon Women . . . Ruler of Men"

by

Carlson Wade

* * *

Much has been written about the newly - discovered scrolls of the Dead Sea and the contents of these scrolls describing life as it existed over two - thousand years ago. Too little attention has been given to some more recent findings of a small group of tourists about scrolls which revealed the legendary Amazon women who actually existed. When I was privileged to examine the translations of these secret scrolls, I was surprised to see how these ladies of 2000 years ago utilized their strength. Just how these Amazons lived and how strong their powers were - over men, is set down in the following pages.

A small island was their headquarters. Nobody knows why they lived apart from

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men but apparently they grew tired of the shallowness and weakness most men display and decided to strike out for themselves. The Amazons were self-sufficient and grew all their own foods. They would make frequent raids upon nearby islands and seize as captives as many men they could grab. They would shackle these prisoners both arms and ankles with hand forged chains and toss them into the bow of a ship and sail for home. When the ship docked, these slave men would be tossed onto the shore and forced to lay there for over two days, denied any food and only a little bit of water to sustain them. Specific records point out that when a man begged for mercy and recognized that he was a prisoner of these women, then his leg irons were removed and he was permitted the generosity of a small prison cell.

Here, huge Amazon jail keepers, their forearms bursting with muscles, their waists tightened by thick leather girdles which bore weapons, sometimes a knout for unruly prisoners, would initiate the men into their new lives as slaves of the women. The men were forced to wear silken garments--as a reminder of their weakness. Sometimes, these garments were silken pantaloons imported from Persia. (Today, they are called bloomers.) In full view

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of the other slave men and Amazon smirking women, the men were forced to put these silk bloomers on. They wore no other garments.

More stubborn men were forced to clean out the stables, using a small rag. If they dallied in their work, the clomp-clopping of the warrior boots speeded them on. The Amazons, incidentally, never went barefooted as some alleged. They wore knee-length leather boots, of polished nahogany color. The laces were made of nahogany-tinted leather and went right up to their knees. Here, in a special series of tiny loops and eyelets, the laces were fastened into a small bow and tightened. The slave men were required to keep these boots polished. They helped the Amazons put them on and remove them. The latter was quite an interesting procedure. The Amazon would sit down and hold out one booted leg. The man slave would turn his back to her, kneel down and she would viciously insert the booted leg between his thighs where he would have the task of seizing it by the ankles, holding tight and then rise up slightly and start pulling--like a tug of war. If the boot would not get loose, the Amazon grew impatient and with her other leg, place it squarely on the hips of the slave and give him a vicious shoving push. Sometimes, the point of the boot was so sharp that the slave

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(who clutched the other booted foot) would jerk forward suddenly and successfully remove the boot.

Slave men could not openly address the Amazon women. Each woman usually had her own individual slave whose household duties included keeping things clean, washing and scrubbing the floors and other little tasks. Whenever the Amazon entered the house, the slave man bowed down. More strict disciplinarian Amazons required their slaves to fall to their knees and almost prostrate themselves as a sign of humbleness. It was, to quote the scroll, one way of showing the mere man that women were capable rulers--else, how could they have captured the slave men in the first place?

The Amazons usually wore leather skin skirts--made very thick so spears could not penetrate in warfare. These skirts were bound fast to the waist by a chain metal belt which rattled when they walked. The sound of the rattle proved a warning signal to many of the frightened men. They usually went bare-chested since the Amazons thought like men, acted like them and tried to be as masculine as possible. There are some suggestions that one of the breasts were done away with to make weapon holding

easier but this is just briefly mentioned. It was quite interesting to see swaggering females, buxom, full-chested, muscular arms and back, their legs bulging with engorged flesh, ordering men about to get on their knees and scrub the floors, to perform menial tasks and to wash clothing.

Did you ever think it possible for women to have a male harem? The Amazons were that fortunate. They had special buildings in which the more charming men were placed for the use of pleasure. Men selected were those with more feminine figures; their hair grew long, almost to the waist. If a man slave had soft blonde hair, he was quite a prize catch and much sought after. When Amazon chieftain women decided to have a little sport, they would go through the harem and use great care in selecting a proper mate for their nightly affair. Usually, the man was compelled to disrobe right before them so that nothing remained hidden. Many a man openly wept tears at being so humbled but he was a slave and could do nothing about it. Sometimes a choice between two male harem slaves had to be made. The male slaves would revolve about slowly. The Amazons would openly jeer at the slaves, make remarks about them, loudly proclaim the advantage one male slave had over the other

and which would be more capable of providing pleasure for their captors. Stubborn men who refused to be so humiliated were subjected to an additional bit of punishment--the Amazon would seize him by the arm, throw him to the ground and still holding his arm would literally drag him through the harem and over to her quarters. Sometimes, the male slaves who were particularly obstinate would be dragged by the legs to the chambers. Here, their cries of indignation and pleas for mercy would be shouted to deaf ears. It is known that the Amazons were masculine in everything and the men who submitted to an Amazon's passions must really have been given a thorough working-over.

There are brief mentions where groups of male slaves tried to revolt, to steal a ship and escape. Needless to say, a favorite male who rather enjoyed living in silk bloomers and waiting on ladies, snatched on the men. They were promptly apprehended and tossed into a dungeon. The next day, they were brought to a small arena. Here, their silk bloomers were ripped from them and in this denuded appearance, openly ridiculed. This was the first step--a wrestling match was their punishment. The denuded, shivering and cowering male with long hair cascading over his body like water over a

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fall, faced his wrestling adversary--an Amazon woman, towering over him majestically, her hair cut short and serviceable, her thick leather skirt down to her knees where began the fascinating cacophony of eyelets and mahogany colored laces down to the vamp. The boots were slightly high-heeled; the fad was just beginning, back in those days. The cowering male had no weapons. The Amazon had her favorite--the dreaded knout. (Further information reveals that she never used it on a slave for fear of injuring his skin but it made a frightening sight to look at.) The women audience cheered her on and the wrestling began--the man was flung to the sandy ground, his arms and legs all helter-skelter while she got a bear hug. Then she twisted one arm behind his back and kept twisting until tears of anguish ran down his cheeks and his pitiful voice, drowned out by the stamping feet of excited Amazons, begged for release and for mercy!

Time and again, the Amazon permitted the gasping, panting and exhausted male to hobble to his feet, to stumble about, only to fling him to the ground again. Often, when he was prone on his stomach, she would place one hooded foot in the small of his back. Then she would seize one arm and try to pull him up, while holding him down at the same time. What a

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struggle and how those Amazons must have subdued countless men, formerly heroes and muscled athletes, making them grovelling servants before their feet!

When the Amazon tired of her "plaything" she would permit him to rise up and then hoist him up over her head and announce that she had won herself another slave. The rules were that when any Amazon desired a slave who refused to join in his humble task, they met and fought in the wrestling arena. No man, according to the record, ever won a battle. All this does offer some indication of the superiority of women.

Particularly attractive men with slim figures, full hips and smooth downy skin were much sought after. If two Amazons desired him, then both women would actually go into a fight. And what a vicious fight it was--both flinging ships at one another, pummeling one another in the dust. Over to one corner, the unfortunate frightened male would cower together with another scared young male slave. The object of the battle shivered in dread anticipation of the victor who would claim him and make him her chattel. Because there were not enough men to go around, the Amazonians were starved for affection and once they had a



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man slave, would compel him to submit to a never ending series of sessions that left the most powerful man, a limp rag of exhaustion.

Leather breast-plates were given to the men who behaved themselves. This, together with silken pantaloons that curved on their male figures and hugged their bodies, were all the clothing they were permitted. Many a man yearned for the feel of strong, solid leather covering his bare foot, but this was a privilege given only to the Amazon women. If a man secretly tried on a pair of boots and was caught his punishment was being sent back to the harem for a week where he would be forced to submit to any Amazon who desired him.

The Amazon leaders did not want to wrestle over a particularly desired male so they would hold games or contests. The victors won the man. Sometimes, two chieftains would play dice and the man slave could only speculate as to who would win him and he could only wonder (but not for long) how the powerful woman whose very command sent him shivering, would make love to him that night.

Of course, there were some men who were as stubborn as can be imagined. They refused to do menial work assigned to the male

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slaves. Amazon captives had a special method of forcing them to bow to their will. First, they were not permitted to wear any clothing and were openly ridiculed and humiliated until they blushed furiously. Second, several Amazons would sneak up behind the man one dark night and would actually attack him, leaving him lying on the cold ground, weeping that the women had done to him what men usually do to women on dark, lonely nights.

If this still did not break his spirit, he was forced to don an outfit of completely women's clothing--he wore a tight silk pair of bloomers--several sizes too small, deliberately to embarrass him. He then wore a tightly fitting Persian-style jacket, translucent, beneath which were padded bras, giving him an uplift appearance. His hair, of course, was longer. The Amazon women had bathed him publicly, using perfumed soap and then doused him liberally with all sorts of delightful, intoxicating scents. Slave bracelets dangled from his arms and wrists and a large diamond pendant around his throat made him a sparkling sight to behold. And covering his torso would be a silk veil-like pair of pantaloons, right down to his ankles which were iron shackled in true slave market style. Then, he was placed on an auction block and here, a

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cruel Amazon slave seller (woman, of course) would go through all the motions of selling him to the highest bidder.

She would point out the slave's attributes and his value and natural abilities in the barem. The cruel Amazon would nudge the slave with her knee or elbow, forcing him to revolve. This process would strip away his last bit of superiority because the audience was composed of other humbled male slaves. When this one stubborn male was so publicly shamed and humiliated before all the others, he usually lost his last bits of courage and was a submissive slave.

A captured male slave could be assured that he would never escape. There are no records of any male slave escaping. And--to add an adventurous little note--specific mention is made that when a travelling ship was once captured by the Amazons, filled with hundreds of new male victims, the Amazons told their former captives that they were surplus and were allowed to leave, now that they'd be replaced. Not a single male captive chose to leave. A most startling revelation and one could only speculate just what these male slaves thought and felt when they lived as captive of the most domineering women in the history of the world!





"FROM ME

..... TO YOU"

by

Tana Louise

* 8 *

On my recent trip to Paris, I was introduced to a new and exotic idea in the line of make-up. As I visited one cabaret after another, I became more and more interested in the appearance of the dancers and show-girls. Finally, I figured it out. I could hardly wait

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to get back to the privacy of my hotel room and try it out.

First, however, I stopped at a small cosmetic shop and picked up some dark creole pancake make-up and some light pink lipstick. With these items in hand, I began the transformation. First, on went the pancake. Immediately, I became a sultry dark-skinned vampire. Next, with careful strokes, I applied the pink lip dye. There it was. I slowly turned my face towards a mirror and lo and behold. It couldn't be me. But it was me. . . . that is I thought it was me.

I realized that to complete the vision, I would have to adorn my body to fit the face. On went a binding patent-leather corset that I had bought in London. This was followed by a pair of full shoulder-length glace kid gloves. These particular gloves happened to have white leather lacing near the top to make for a better fit. I then donned a pair of ultra-sheer stockings and my platform shoes with ten-inch heels - also in shiny, black patent leather. The photos on pgs. 43, 44 and 45 show the result.

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Next, I tried on a red satin short corset that I had received from an ardent French admirer just the evening before. This, combined with midnight-black hose and a thrilling pair of multi-colored sandals, completed costume no. 2. The shoes had 8-inch heels and a 2-inch platform. Criss-cross leather straps encircled my ankles. In this ensemble, I couldn't resist standing before a full-length mirror and striking a stern, dominant pose. Pgs 46 & 47 serve to illustrate my words.

For a final step, I slipped into a most-exciting sheath dress that one of France's top houses had "whipped-up" for me. It was made of a special satin material and fitted my curves as though I had been poured into it. With this gown, I wore a single over-the-elbow satin glove and the same platform pumps as with the leather corset which, incidentally, I had on underneath.

All in all, the three outfits made some really striking pictures. What do you think?

sincerely, TANA LOUISE













THE LETTER BOX.

where the readers gather to
express their views - - - pro,
con and absurdum



NOTE - The editor regrets that it is
impossible to place readers in commu-
nication, either by exchange of add-
ress or otherwise.

Dear Editor:

In a recent issue I read where Tana Louise
got involved in a "wetting party" with her girl- -
friend. I thought that this all sounded like a fine

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idea and so proceeded to try it myself. First, I put on a clinging red crepe dress that I had. It was cut down quite low in the bosom and always seemed to attract attention whenever I wore it out. I covered my arms in a pair of elbow length black, satin gloves and on my feet, I placed a pair of red rubber boots that I had made for me recently. Underneath all this, I had on a combination waist nipper/garter-belt that held taut my sheer nylon stockings. I decided against a bra since I knew the feel of wet crepe against my skin would be a thrill.

After the garments were on, I stepped carefully into my shower and gradually turned on the water. At first, to be quite truthful about it, I felt very uncomfortable in the wet clothes, but after a few minutes, this slowly turned into a feeling quite unlike anything I had ever before experienced. As the dress started to shrink up it clung to my curves even better than before, and my wet stockings made my legs feel heavenly. I could feel a warm glow covering my body and as I turned on more water, this became an experience that I won't forget for some time to come. I'll feel forever grateful to your Miss



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Exotique for introducing me to this amazing "sport".

Miss H.L., Dallas, Tex.
P.S. Won't you see if one of your excellent artists can put down in drawing what I've tried to in mere words.

Dear Ed:

Ever since graduation from High-School some five years ago, I've bounced from one job to another. It seemed as though I was dissatisfied with anything and everything that was offered me. I was just about to chuck it all and go off to some distant land when I had a brilliant thought. For some time I have been an ardent reader of EXOTIQUE and similar publications. To me, the sight of a well-turned female leg covered with a sheer veil of silk or nylon and shod in shiny, patent-leather was the ultimate in sheer sensuousness. As far back as I can remember, I would only go out with the girls who wore the highest heels, or had the smallest waist.

Anyhow, to get to the point, I decided to become a shoe-salesman. This, I decided, would satisfy my need for a regular income,



THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

and at the same time, I would be near what I loved best - women's shoes. With this idea in mind, I applied for, and got a job in one of New York's finest shoe salons. This particular shop, I knew, handled the finest shoes in town and catered to the loveliest of customers.

By three o'clock on my first day I was ready to call it quits. I had not had a single customer that I could call beautiful or even attractive. Then she appeared. I looked up from my chair and saw a vision of pure heaven coming through the door. It wasn't my turn, but I dashed up to greet her and usher her to a chair. She was interested, she said, in a pair of black dress shoes with ultra-high heels. This last part, she didn't even have to specify. I could tell from her overall appearance that she would wear only skyscraper heeled shoes.

Let me describe her further. My dream-girl had shoulder-length ebony hair that fell around her shoulders in a page-boy style. Her forehead was covered by her severe-looking bangs. Her dress was a black satin sheath that barely covered the peaks of her enormous breasts and had a slit on one side that reached almost to her mid-thigh.

IN FACT AND IN FICTION.

Her arms were sheathed in black kidskin right up to her shoulders without a wrinkle. The gloves actually looked as though they were painted on. Midnight black nylons covered her shapely legs and her size 4 feet wore plain black patent leather d'orsay pumps with 5-inch heels.

I had a pretty good idea as to what she wanted, but I intentionally stalled so that I could feast my eyes on her wondrous body for as long as possible. Eventually, I knew I would have to give her up so I produced a pair of black suede lace-oxfords with open toes. I knew she would be sold on the full 5½-inch pencil-thin heels they had and I was right. She took them without a moments hesitation and went out of my life forever. I later found out that she was a regular customer in the store and so now I'm merely waiting the time out until she re-appears. Maybe it will be tomorrow, who knows!

A.M., New York City

Deborah!

UPON ARRIVING AT THEIR DESTINATION, DEBORAH AND NADINE ARE GREETED BY A UNIQUELY ATTIRED MAID....



HOW STRANGE, THOUGHT DEBORAH--A MAID WITH NO HANDS--ER--ARMS?



FOLLOWING THE HAPLESS GIRL THROUGH THE LONG CORRIDOR, DEBORAH SENSES A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT, INTRIGUE.... MASSIVE DOORS AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE SWING OPEN,--- ELECTRICALLY---- REVEALING A LARGE DIMLY LIT---WAITING ROOM??



(C)

(2)

(C)

(1)



(C)



DEBORAH LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM AT THE FASCINATING COSTUMES OF THE GUESTS. THIS INDEED WAS NOT THE PLACE FOR CONVENTIONAL AFFAIRS !!



(3)

DEBORAH GLANCES ABOUT THE ROOM, FEELING ALL EYES ARE UPON HER AND ALL MOUTHS-- STRANGELY SILENT. SHE TURNS TO SPEAK TO NADINE AND REACHES OUT BLINDLY FOR REASSURANCE-- PANIC GRIPS HER. NADINE IS GONE.

A GIRL, WEIRDLY COSTUMED IN RUBBER, MOVES TOWARDS DEBORAH AND FIRMLY GRIPPING HER ARM, GUIDES HER TO A DOOR.



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET "THE HOSTESS!"



WAIT IN THERE!

(C)

(4)

MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS TO DEBORAH AS SHE
AWAITS THE ENTRANCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS,
"HOSTESS"... HER CLOAK OF RUBBER BRINGS
BEADS OF PERSPIRATION TO DEBORAH'S BEAU-
TIFULLY LEATHER ENCASED BODY... SO LIKE A
WOMAN PREPARING HERSELF, SHE SENSUOUSLY
DISCARDS THE CLOAK....



(C)



(5)

THE SUDDEN, SURPRIZING APPEARANCE OF
THE "HOSTESS" STARTLES DEBORAH!





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